BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

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BAXTER SPRINGS, - - KANSAS

OVER AND OVER.

Over and over, the birds are singing
The same sweet strains of the long ago;
Over and over, each year are springing
Flowers where fadeth the winter snow;
Over and over, the ships go sailing,
Leagues on leagues across the sea;
Over and over, when the day is paling,
Sighs the breeze in the forest tree.

Over and over, do joy and sorrow
Silently walk by us everywhere;
Over and over, will each to-morrow
Bring its blessings or bring its care;
Over and over, the mother blesses
After each prayer a golden head;
Over and over, her sweet caresses
Into each heart love's sunlight shed.

Over and over, we all are teaching
Daily our lessons of good or ill;
Over and over, are pastors preaching
Words which speak of the Master's will;
Over and over, the sunset glories
Glow and vanish o'er land and sea;
Over and over, to Grandma's stories
We listen, sitting beside her knee.

—J. B. M. Wright, in Good Housekeeping.

UNCLE PETER.

How the Gossips Unwittingly Brought About a Wedding.

When the farmers' wives in the neighborhood of Dalton and the residents of the little country village heard the clang of the cracked, old hand-bell and, afterward, the shrill, quavering notes of a cracked old voice singing some such cheerful ditty as,

"I had an old cow,
And my cow loved me;
I milked my cow
Under a green bay tree,"

they smiled and said: "Uncle Peter's coming." The notes of his songs grew shriller and more strident as Uncle Peter drew near in his rickety old fish cart with its canvas covering on the sides of which was printed: "Mr. Peter P. Pillsberry, dealer in fish, oysters, clams and other notions. No trust." Although the "no trust" part of the sign had been made emphatic by being underscored, Uncle Peter did trust anybody and every body in such a perfectly reckless and guileless confiding manner that it was a wonder his bank account was half so large as it actually was.

His bank account and other possessions were so great that there was really no necessity of Uncle Peter pursuing his occupation of peddling fish, clams "and other notions," as he did, exposing himself to the heat of summer and the winter storms while making his daily rounds.

"Ye think I hadn't ought to do so no more, do ye?" he often said to friendly patrons who, with the freedom of life-long acquaintance, asked him why he did not give up his occupation and "take things easy." "Ye reckon now that I'd set 'round doin' nothin'?" he would ask. "Naw, sir; that ain't the Pillsberry style. I'd be puffectly mizzable settin' 'round doin' nothin', and peddlin' suits me. I like to git 'round an' see the folks. I allus was great for soshability, an' peddlin's sich a soshable bizness. Why, bless ye, I know ev'ry man, woman an' child in this county like a book, an' they all know me. How on airth would ye all git along if old Uncle Peter left off peddlin'?"

"We would miss you uncle," his patrons always said, heartily; "and we're always glad to see you."

The old man would smile like a pleased child and say:

"I reckon ye would miss me. Where'd you git your haddock an' mack'rel an' hallybut an' big fat clams an' Providence isters if Uncle Peter'd stop peddlin'? You'd have to go clean to Smithfield, nine mile away, fer 'em, that's what you'd have to do. But I ain't callatin' on givin' up peddlin' though Rindy an' Becky an' the the rest of 'em want me to quit it an' go to keepin' a little store."

"That would be easier for you, wouldn't it?"

"Nary time it wouldn't," the old man would reply, shaking his head vigorously. "Store-keeping never'd suit me. It'd jist natchelly w'ar me out to be puddlin' round a little sto' all the time. But Rindy an' Becky an' the rest of 'em think it'd be more genteeler'n peddlin' fish; that's the idee with them. It's kindor gallin' to Becky in pertickler to have her old dad peddlin' fish, an' smellin' of 'em when she has company, though I allus try to get out'n the way then; fish do smell, I'll allow."

Uncle Peter's wife had been dead several years. His daughter Dorinda, a spinster of thirty-three, and Becky, a much younger daughter, kept house for him in the old home. Becky had had the advantage, or disadvantage, of attending a would-be fashionable boarding-school for a year, where she had early learned that the society to which she aspired could never tolerate the daughter of a fish peddling father, notwithstanding the fact that that father was one of the kindest and best and most honorable of men, and Becky had come home determined to bring Uncle Peter's fish-peddling career to a close.

He had simply laughed at her first attempt, hiding the pain he felt behind an ever smiling and kindly face. He felt that Becky had come home ashamed of him and his occupation, but he did not say so to her, for he was a peaceable minded man who despised "jaw" of any kind.

Dorinda had an idea that a store might prove more profitable than a fish and notion wagon, and she was too thrifty to allow any opportunity to pass for increasing her father's account, which she expected to divide with her brothers and sisters some day.

Uncle Peter had several married sons and daughters living near him, and all of them, being thrifty like their sister, kept their eyes fixed on their father's possessions, which aggregated several thousand dollars. They had even suggested to him the propriety of dividing the property among them before his demise and allowing them, in return therefor, to "take care of him" the remainder of his life.

But Uncle Peter was a wiser and firmer man than he seemed. He had a strong, dogged will, notwithstanding his childish manner and his smooth, round, effeminate and ever smiling face. He met this suggestion with a smile, and dismissed it with a joke, but there was a look in his faded old blue eyes that forbade a recurrence of the subject. He came home from his rounds one day in the merriest mood. He had "cleaned out" his entire stock in trade and his cracked old voice sang "Annie Laurie" in a perfectly excruciating manner as he drove cheerily up the long lane leading to his house.

At the gate he met Mrs. Harriet Gibbons, a woman from the village, near by, whose highest earthly joy was felt when it was her privilege to be first in retailing a new bit of gossip of unusual interest. She was one of the few people on the face of the earth whom good old Uncle Peter did not like; but he had never given utterance to this dislike, and now he bobbed his head to and fro and greeted her with a cordial "Howdy do, Mis' Gibbons! Folks all well to home? They be? That's right. Can't ye stay to tea? It must be 'bout ready."

But Mrs. Gibbons declined the invitation somewhat stiffly and went on her way.

When Uncle Peter went into the house he noted an unusually severe look on Rindy's always grim face, while Becky looked reproachfully toward him. His son William, who lived in the village, happened to come in a moment later and was soon followed by his married daughter, Mrs. Gibson Downing.

Uncle Peter heard them whispering together as he stepped into his own little room for a scrap of paper to "figger some on." He had noticed a peculiar coldness toward him on the part of all of them, and now he stepped to the door and said:

"What's goin'-on here that all of ye act so? Your old pa hurt your feelings some way?"

Miss Dorinda, after waiting a moment for some of the others to speak, said coldly:

"Yes, you have done, or are going to do, something we can't help disliking, if all reports are true."

"Ye don't say?" said Uncle Peter, the smile still on his face. "Well, what is it? Out with it an' see if your pa can't clear his skirts of any thing so very heenyous."

Miss Dorinda came out with it flatly:

"It's the talk of the village and the whole country that you're going to marry the Widder Newton!"

Uncle Peter dropped into his old splint-bottomed rocking chair, his arms hanging limply by his side and an expression of wide-eyed and open-mouthed amazement on his round, red face. His whole manner proved his entire innocence of ever having even thought of such a matrimonial consummation.

"Me?" he gasped, staring blankly first at one and then the other of his four accusers as they stood before him. "Me—marry—the—Widder—Newton? Me, Peter P. Pillsberry, a-goin' to marry Calisty Newton?"

"It's in every body's mouth," said Mrs. Gibson Downing. "They say you stop at her home half an hour at a time every day," said Dorinda.

"O, pa!" cried Miss Becky. The son said nothing, but looked volumes.

Uncle Peter stared at all of them for a moment and then said:

"You're hollerin' 'fore you're hurt, children; that's what you're a-doin'; Mis' Newton ain't no more idee o' marryin' me than she has o' marryin' the man in the moon. I ain't never mentioned marriage talk to her nor to no other woman on top o' the earth, but you're dead an' gone ma, an' she ain't on top o' the earth now."

The fears of the children were at once allayed, for they knew their father to be an absolutely truthful man. Their faces brightened as he rose and turned to leave the room, and they didn't mind it much when he stopped at the door and said, sternly:

"But don't you try to dictate to me, children; don't you ever try that agin."

The injured look left his face soon after he reached the stable and began rubbing old Bally down. He chuckled as he rubbed and patted the old horse.

"Me marry Calisty," he said to himself. "Well, I'd like to know who in creation started that pack o' lies to goin'. Old Hat Gibbons, I'll be bound! Calisty wouldn't have me if I asked her. I bet she wouldn't. The idee of it!"

The Widow Newton was at that moment greatly perplexed and discouraged. She was a neat, comely woman of fifty, and she lived alone in a cosy little old brown house with a few acres of ground around it. Her four married sons and daughters lived in homes of their own near by. Each of them had in turn invited and urged their mother to come and live with them, but she had persistently refused, although she was a gentle, mild-faced woman of a somewhat yielding spirit.

"I want a home of my own," she would say; "I've been mistress of a home, such as 'tis, for more'n thirty years and I'd never be satisfied to have a home somebody else was mistress of. Here I can do as I please and there's nobody to say me nay. If I want batter cakes for breakfast or riz biscuits for tea, I has them, an' may be I wouldn't in somebody else's house. Its lonesome sometimes, I'll allow, but there's worse feelings than lonesomeness. Anyhow, I've got plenty to live comfortable on, and that's a good deal to be thankful for."

When her husband had died three years before the time our story begins, he had in his will left his wife his entire possessions with the exception of small bequests to each of his children, who had felt themselves greatly aggrieved thereby, although they were all in very comfortable circumstances.

Mrs. Newton was sitting by her favorite window, in her favorite rocking-chair sewing carpet rags when her daughter, Mrs. Lucinda Evans, came in somewhat hurriedly followed by another daughter, Mrs. Betty Higgins.

"La! girls," said their mother, in a surprised tone; "I'd no idee of seeing either of you on Tuesday and it your regular ironing day. Set down."

"I ain't got time," replied Betty, coldly, "I just run over to find out if this story about you and old Pete Pillsberry is true."

"That's just what I come for," said Lucinda Evans. "I come by brother Henry's home, and sister Hetty was there and they're waiting for me to come back and tell them what you say. Is it true, ma, that you and old Peter are going to be married?"

Mrs. Newton gave a shrill little scream and threw up both hands while her ball of rags fell to the floor and rolled across the room leaving a line of green and red and blue behind it.

"Cindy Evans," gasped Mrs. Newton, "what are you and your sister Betty talking about? Are you crazy? Am I going to marry Uncle Peter Pillsberry? The land of the living!"

She threw her green and white gingham apron over her head and began to rock to and fro, half crying, half laughing. With her head still covered she finally said, sharply:

"Go home, girls, go home, and stop and tell Hetty and Henry and every body else you meet that I ain't going to marry nobody till I've been asked, and I ain't been asked yet."

She fell to laughing hysterically, and Betty said, sharply:

"Well, I think it'd be a burning shame for you to marry anybody even if you was asked."

"Yes, and old Peter Pillsberry of all men!"

Mrs. Newton took her apron from her burning face and said, firmly:

"You hush right up about Uncle Peter, Cindy Evans: he's as good and honest an old man as ever lived. Your father thought the world of him. But you can just set your minds at rest about him, he ain't no more idee of marrying than I have. The idee of it!"

The girls went home in greater peace of mind than they had known when coming to see their mother, since they now felt confident that their share of the three thousand dollars their mother had in the bank was not to be lessened by the possible claims of a step-father.

The smile on Uncle Peter's face deepened the next day as he drew near the Widow Newton's house while making his daily rounds. He stopped singing:

"Here we are but straying pilgrims,"

and began on a lively ditty about

"A lady fair,
With nut brown hair,
Oh, tummy yi yum,
Oh, tummy yi yum,
Yi yum di de do."

The Widow Newton heard him coming and blushes came to her plump cheeks.

"I shan't let on that I've heerd any thing of the scand'lous mess of stuff 'bout me and him," she said, as the sound of the rattling cart wheels came nearer and nearer; "I'll just go out and ask him how the folks are at home and get me a pound of haddock and come right into the house so's the tongues of the gossips won't have nothing to wag about. There he is at the gate. Well! what's he hitching his horse for? He's coming in, too. Well, if that ain't queer! Dear me—"

"Good morning, Calisty," Uncle Peter said, stepping briskly into the widow's kitchen and standing, his old hat in his hand, near the open door. He had known her all her life. He had carried her to school often on his hand sled when they were children, and he had always called her Calisty, but, somehow, she blushed when he called her Calisty to-day. He went on calmly and directly.

"Calisty, you heard the yarns that's goin' round 'bout us?" he asked.

"I—I—yes, Peter."

She turned her burning face from him, fingering her apron corners in a confused way.

"Did it make you mad when you heerd 'em?"

"I—I—didn't like it, Peter."

"I s'pose not—not at first, nohow. I was mad as a wet hen when I first heerd 'em, but, Calisty, I was glad in the end; yes, sir, I jist was. Air you mad now as you was at first?"

"I—I—hardly know. They wa'n't true, nohow, Peter."

"No, they wa'n't, Calisty, that's so; there wa'n't a word of truth in 'em."

He came nearer and caught one of her hands in his own as he said:

"Let's make 'em true, Calisty. From bein' mad at first I've come to wishin' and hopin' they might be true, that me and you was goin' to be married, that—" the end of it all was that Uncle Peter went away singing about the "lady fair" in louder and shriller but joyfully triumphant notes, while the "lady fair" went about her work humming an old love tune forgotten for years until now.

A week later they drove quietly to a neighboring town and came home man and wife, Uncle Peter joyfully and boldly proclaiming the fact to all whom they chanced to meet.

They came back to the bride's cozy little brown house and settled down to a quiet and happy life, heedless of the flouts and sneers of their children, who, as a matter of course, soon came to accept the situation with some degree of good grace and to make gladly-accepted overtures of peace.

"We owe 'em a good deal, anyhow, Calisty," Uncle Peter said, "for if they hadn't raised such a fuss 'bout what wasn't so what is so wouldn't of come to pass, and we wouldn't of thought of marryin' each other and being the happiest old bride and bridegroom on top of the earth, now, would we?"—Zenas Dane, in Household.

POOR BATTENBERG.

The Wedded Woes of Victoria's Youngest Son-in-Law.

What has become of Prince Beatrice? Did Battenberg strike and was he threatened? The other day I met a relative of his sister-in-law, the Countess Alexander von Hartenau (you see what bad company I sometimes keep), who told me that "the poor fellow's lot is not to be envied." The Queen, on whose favor he depends, being now seventy, few about the court take the trouble to be civil to him. Military men don't at all relish being told off to "attend" this curious Royal Highness. Though the Queen is exacting of respect for him, she treats him herself with curt dryness, and she expects him to be always hanging about the Princess Beatrice, who since her marriage keeps as close to her Majesty as her shadow, and is constantly getting up entertainments for her royal mother's delectation, which Prince B. thinks awful bores. He would infinitely prefer a friendly pipe and flagon of beer and war of words at a *Kneipe* to her tableaux vivants, private theatricals and concerts. The concerts are the most doleful things imaginable. The Princess performs on the piano and gets herself accompanied by other instruments. She is particularly fond of the violin, and has always some first-rate violinist to play with her. Prince B. used to turn the leaves of her music-book when they were freshly married, but he has since allowed a lady or gentleman in waiting to do that honorable service, and sits near the musicians seeming to listen, but more often than not in a brown study. If it were not for the pleasures of memory these concerts would be unendurable. The Queen, who loves music, is nearly always present and sits by herself, with a dusky personal attendant standing behind her chair. She, too, is wrapped up, and no doubt also passing mentally in review her bygone pleasures. Whenever she makes a sign to Prince B., he is on his feet in an instant, walks over to her, and stands before her in an attitude of submission. She would not put up with any other. There never was a more despotic sovereign in the precincts of her court than our constitutional monarch, and her mind is so full of the belief in her prerogatives, in all that regards etiquette and the deportment of her family and household, that her will overbears every other. One feels that it is imperious as fate. Prince B. never attempts to dispute it until he gets beyond its range. He then tries to make new conditions and thus improve his position. At Gratz he thoroughly enjoyed himself. There was smoking, beer-drinking, capital music, in an unaffected way, guard-room talk with Count von Hartenau and Austrian officers and no etiquette.—London Truth.

The Son of Victor Hugo.

The money which parents accumulate by hard work and self-denial is frequently squandered by their children, but few mortgage a future inheritance so recklessly as has a son of Victor Hugo. The great French man of letters, starting in life with a capital of 800 francs, which he had earned for himself, besides gaining an immortal place in literature, amassed a fortune of several million francs, which he left to his children. His son George has recently become of age, and before he had taken possession of his fortune his notes were presented against the estate for $48,000, upon which he had borrowed only $16,000. But there is a law in France against usury, and the greedy usurers have been arrested and the full penalty of the law will be meted out to them for attempting to rob a minor of his heritage. If young Hugo's fortune is not kept under the control of a guardian it is more than probable that in a few years he will be a penniless vagabond in the city that will forever honor the name and memory of his great father.—Paris Letter.

The Duke Gets the Last Word.

"You always say 'I guess,'" said the Duke, "and really, I detest your Americanisms—they're so jolly vulgar."

"I noticed you did not object to borrowing a few legal-tender Americanisms from my brother last evening."

"True, my dear young lady, but you also might have observed that I got rid of them as fast as I could."—Life.

—To be a good pie-maker, says the "Housekeeper's New Cook Book," can only be accomplished by practice. The secret of good pie-crust is to use as little water as possible to get the dough into shape.

STRANGE DEPRAVITY.

An Extraordinary Story Which Comes All the Way from Smyrna.

A few days back two Greeks presented themselves at the palace of the grand rabbi of Smyrna and asked to see him on very important business. The venerable Abraham Palacci being unwell, they were asked to come another day. Next day they called again; the rabbi not having yet recovered, hisson, a man of forty-five, learning that their business was urgent, asked if they could not explain it to him. After some desultory conversation they consented, at the same time requesting to be conducted to some remote apartment where there was no danger of being overheard. This being done, one of them said to him: "Every one has his particular religion: we are aware that part of yours is to offer at Easter a Christian child in sacrifice; now we are ready, for the sum of £1,400, to furnish you with a fine, plump and healthy Christian child, a little Greek girl four years old, for your sacrifice, and the child shall be obtained in such a manner as to insure the most profound secrecy." The rabbi's son, as may well be supposed, was thunderstruck at the proposal, but he dissembled his feelings and stated that before he could enter into any definite arrangements with them it was necessary he should consult his father. They having assented to this, he withdrew to his father's room and briefly related to him the story of the grim proposal. Speaking in the Hebrew tongue, for fear the men outside should understand, the father told him to dispatch a messenger speedily to the headquarters of the police, requesting the chief of police to send immediately an officer with a body of gendarmes, and then to go back and keep the Greeks, under the pretense of discussing the price of their crime. Emin Effendi speedily answered the summons, and on the arrival of the zaptiehs the rabbi posted them behind a door concealed by a heavy curtain and sent word to his son that the men had come, this message, like the previous one, being delivered in Hebrew. One of these individuals asking what the man had said, Nissim Palacci answered that his father, although ill, wished to see them. Ushered into the presence of the rabbi, he began asking them in Turkish, so that the officials might understand the affair, how and where they got the child, how the sale was to be effected and many other particulars. The examination of the case satisfactorily concluded, he whistled, the police came in, and, having manacled our men, led them off to prison. As they were led through the streets some inkling of the affair seems to have got abroad and the police had to be strengthened to repress the people, who looked as if about to take vengeance on the miscreants.—Levant Herald.

COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

The Third in the List of the Seven Wonders of the World.

The Colossus of Rhodes was so called to distinguish it from other colossal figures, said by some writers to have numbered over 100, which, during the days of its prosperity, were set up in the "City of the Sun," as the capital of the island of Rhodes was poetically called. The Colossus came third in the list of the seven wonders of the world, and was consecrated to the sun, the deity of Rhodes. It was made of brass, cast in sections, and is said to have been the work of Chares of Lindus, a pupil of the great Lysippus. It was 90 cubits (supposed to have been 150 feet) high and cost the city about 300 talents, or $350,000 as we reckon money nowadays. Over 12 years' work was spent on this early monster, which, with all its grandeur, was destined to a very short career. Fifty-six years after its completion, in the year 224 B. C., according to Pliny, this gigantic emblematic figure was thrown down by an earthquake. The Colossus stood at the entrance to the harbor, with each of its mighty feet on solid stone foundations, ships in full sail passing and repassing between the gigantic legs. Deleperre, the historian, says that it was not erected at the entrance to the harbor, as stated by Pliny, but that it stood on an open space near the Pacha's seraglio. Still another writer says it was reconstructed during the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, and that after the island of Rhodes had been conquered by the Caliph Othman, in the seventh century of our era, it was taken down and the metal sold to a Jew, who transported it to Syria, a caravan of 980 camels being necessary to carry his purchase.—St. Louis Republic.

Why Monkeys Are Vegetarians.

Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz has just given an interesting lecture on vegetarianism at the Societe de Medicine Pratique. He thinks that the vegetable regimen is one of the most important applications of alimentary therapeutics in affections of the stomach, the kidneys, and all the intestinal tract; but applied to a healthy man, it is a great error. Man, of course, is omnivorous, and he can live in all climates; carnivorous in cold countries, he becomes a vegetarian in warm latitudes. The advocates of a strict vegetable diet have founded one of their arguments on the fact that there exists an intimate analogy between the digestive tubes of man and those of monkeys, and as these last live only on vegetable food, so should man. But this is a question of climate; the monkey exists in the natural state only in warm climates; where man is also a vegetarian. If the monkey lived in our climates, he would also become carnivorous, like ourselves.—Medical Times and Register.